

THE PACIFIC

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CONFIDENCE AND HOPE.

Be like a bird, that halting in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

Hope, child, tomorrow, and tomorrow still,
And every morrow hope; trust while you live.
Hope!—each time the dawn doth heaven fill,
Be there to ask, as God is there to give.

—Victor Hugo.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

In the cotton mills in Shanghai, China, the adult workmen receive about twenty cents a day, the children four cents. In these mills 30,000 Chinese are employed. It is the beginning of an industry which will in time take from the United States largely its cotton goods trade with China.

It is worthy of note that one of the largest department stores in the world is owned and managed by a woman—Mrs. Netcher of Chicago. Six years ago when Mrs. Netcher's husband died the store was in an old building which she has replaced by a modern fire-proof structure five times the size of the one then occupied. This store covers fifteen acres of floor space, represents all in all an investment of not less than fifteen million dollars and employs three thousand persons.

The girls took all the honors at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, this year. There were ten of them in a class of fifty-four. Five of the ten won all the graduation class honors. Inasmuch as Wesleyan is about to do away with co-education the young men will soon have opportunity to win. Significant! is it not? We understand that the feeling of the young men at Wesleyan in recent years had not a little to do with the decision to do away with co-education.

Roosevelt is to speak for Beveridge in Indiana and for Lodge in Massachusetts. The former is an insurgent United States Senator; the latter an administration supporter. They who seek to assign Roosevelt to a position antagonistic to the President are nonplussed. All they can do now is to await the Colonel's speeches and interpret or misinterpret them in their endeavor to array him against Taft. We venture to predict that Mr. Roosevelt will make effective speeches for both Beveridge and Lodge, without in any way antagonizing the President.

There was quite a contrast in dress at the graduation exercises of a New York City high school this year. There were two hundred forty graduates, and the dresses which they wore when they received their diplomas varied in their cost from seventy-two cents to seventy-five dollars. Thirty-seven of the number, who were members of a sewing

class, at the suggestion of their teacher made their own gowns, and such was their material and construction that it was not possible for the audience to distinguish them from the costlier garments. Not less than fifty had gowns which cost fifty dollars each. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when simplicity of dress will be the custom at all such exercises the country over.

President Diaz who was chosen recently for the seventh consecutive time as president of the Republic of Mexico is eighty years old; and yet, it is said that his physical and mental powers are at high tide. A correspondent writes from the City of Mexico: "His solid, compact frame is well fleshed and betrays but slight evidence of the disintegrating processes which almost invariably leave their mark upon men who have lived so long and toil so unremittingly in camp and Cabinet as he. His voice is strong and resonant and his glance alert and penetrating. His grasp upon governmental affairs is in nowise relaxed. Little of importance which transpires within the limits of his country escapes his notice. Those who are with him daily say that he labors as hard and effectively as he did twenty years ago. When he can spare time he hunts, rides and walks. One sees him in the early morning galloping and sparing not the spur, through Chapultepec Park and on the highways about the city."

The liquor journals are commenting in highly complimentary ways on what is called the generosity of Adolphus Busch of St. Louis, the millionaire brewer, toward his employees. Mr. Busch it seems has established, or is about to establish, a fund for their benefit in case of sickness and death. It is stated that the money is to come out of the profits of Mr. Busch's business and that the beneficiaries will not be required to make any contributions themselves. And this is considered remarkable generosity. If Mr. Busch would raise the wages of his employees his action would be more praiseworthy. In giving to them these benefits in time of sickness and death he is but giving to them their own. Statistics show that labor's share in such business as that in which Mr. Busch is engaged is 9.01 per cent. In the iron and steel industry it is 22.16; in lumber and allied industries it is 27.46; in leather and its manufactured products it is 16.53; in vehicles for land transportation it is 34.45. The liquor industry is far below the average; it squeezes out of the business every dollar it can; keeps close to starvation many who enable it to make profit, and then pauperizes thousands all over the land by the sale of its poisonous products.

The action of Governor Harmon of Ohio in suspending from office the mayor of Newark will meet with general approval. All the evidence goes to show that the lynching which has disgraced the great State of Ohio might have been prevented if the mayor had acted with promptitude and courage. The indications are that the mayor and the city officials who had their places by his appointment were in sympathy with the saloon men who were violating the law which prohibits saloons in Newark. It may be that the investigations will show that the detective who was in the employ of the Anti-Saloon League and who shot the saloonist was not justified in so doing. But be that as it may, the law would have attended to his case and there was no call for the citizens of the city to arise as a mob and

lynch the man. Better things are to be expected of a city like Newark in such a State as Ohio in this 20th century. From this deplorable incident at Newark should come a lesson to the forces arrayed against the saloon. It is one of the things making it evident that the enemy is a most desperate one and that nothing that is calculated to intimidate the people arrayed against the saloon will be left undone. The law was defied in Newark and when in the attempt to secure its observance a man was shot they who had banded together to subvert the law led a wild mob to a lynching of the one who had done the shooting. They wished to serve startling notice to all who were opposing the saloon the country over that they who did oppose it were hazzarding much—even life perhaps.

The New York Post assigns to Congressman Bennett the special influence which resulted in the exclusion from California of the Jeffries-Johnson prize-fight. The Post says: "Mr. Bennett's entrance into the field of anti-prize-fight reform created quite a stir a few weeks ago. For nearly a year it had been assumed that the fight would be held in California. Churchmen had abandoned hope of preventing it. The Governor of California was regarded as determined not to interfere. Suddenly it was announced that he had forbidden the fisticuff. Behind the Governor's act it has become known, was a cleverly conceived 'bluff' of Representative Bennett. The Congressman from New York had been a delegate to the recent Presbyterian General Assembly at Atlantic City. He is a regularly attending Presbyterian. After noting the sentiment of his fellow-churchmen against the prize-fight he went back to Washington, and, as a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, indited a telegram to the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. In the message he set forth that if San Francisco had such a prize-fight, that city would run a chance of not having the Panama Canal Exposition four years hence. The merchants of San Francisco wanted the exposition. Much pressure was brought to bear on the Governor, and he ordered the fight barred. According to various members of Congress the fight really would not have prevented a favorable vote on the exposition appropriation, but Mr. Bennett of New York had done what he aimed to do, and the blow to prize-fighting was put down to his credit by all the anti-fight reformers, and in short, by the entire better element of the country." We give this for what it is worth. However we are inclined to take Governor Gillett's statement—that he was waiting to see what the San Francisco officials would do and that he acted as he did finally because the proposed fight was plainly contrary to the laws of California.

ONE OF THE BATTLES SOON TO BE

One of the great fights of the saloon interests of recent years is being planned for in Indiana. It is hoped by those interests to repeal the county local option law in that state at the next session of the legislature, and candidates for that body are to be voted for with their sentiments on the question distinctly in mind. The Anti-Saloon League forces, aware that a great battle is to be fought, are bringing to bear all the elements of strength that possibly can be secured. An effort has been made to get Hon. William Jennings Bryan to speak in different places

in the state in favor of local option. Mr. Bryan has, during recent months, taken an advanced position on the temperance question. In a speech not long ago in the Auditorium in Chicago he said: "A great many governments have drawn their authority from the minority. We have had unlimited monarchies, where the king was the source of power and asked nobody. Then we have had limited monarchies, where the king was the source of power but asked somebody what he might do. We have had aristocracies, where a few would control, and the voice of the few would outweigh the voice of the many. We have had aristocracies based upon different foundations. We have had, first, the aristocracy of birth. People have ruled because they were born rulers. But those aristocracies are passing away. Then we have had aristocracies that were based upon intelligence, upon educational qualifications. Then we have had aristocracies based upon property qualifications. We have had aristocracies that were intellectual; we have had aristocracies that were plutocratic; but my friends, if we concede that a minority wanting to use liquor should outvote and outweigh a majority that do not want the saloon established in a community, if they insist that it is right for the minority in that case to rule, upon what does that aristocracy rest as a foundation? We have had aristocracies of birth and of blood and of brain and of pocketbook, but when you say that a minority opposed to anti-liquor legislation shall have the voice and rule against a majority against them, you have an aristocracy based on appetite, where a man has only to be thirsty to belong to the ruling power."

The Democratic party in Indiana is committed in its platform to township and municipal option. Mr. Bryan being a close friend of Mr. John W. Kern, who has been endorsed by that party as a successor to Mr. Beveridge in the United States Senate, may be reluctant to enter on an advocacy of county options in Indiana. But the Anti-Saloon League, if they are unable to get him, say that they can nevertheless get his speeches. And already these are being circulated extensively.

It is not at all probable that the saloon element will win in the fight. Under county option Indiana is to a great extent a dry state already, though the law has been in operation only about a year and a half. And the good results of "no saloons" are everywhere in evidence. We give here a sample statement. It is from the Daily Star of Muncie, a city of not less than twenty-five thousand:

"During the option campaign, dire predictions were made by the 'wets' of the calamitous and awful results that would ensue should the county vote 'dry.' Let us see about it. A careful canvass of the city, in which there were about 100 saloons when the option campaign opened fifteen months ago, shows that of all these rooms so occupied then but nine are vacant and closed. When we come to think of the fact that some rooms then occupied for saloon purposes were hardly desirable for legitimate mercantile purposes, we are constrained to say in Muncie's behalf that this is a remarkably splendid showing.

"Another beneficial effect of the closing of the licensed saloons is found in the reports of merchants and storekeepers who unanimously voice the sentiment that the elimination of the barrooms has in a way put more money in the hands of the private family, thus improving local business conditions. In other words, many husbands who

have been exchanging much of their earnings over the bar for drink, are taking larger sums by far home to their wives who naturally spend increased amounts for groceries, clothing, dry goods, shoes and in the better channels of trade. The banks and loan associations say that there are now more small accounts carried on their books. Who else but the middle and poorer classes are responsible for this healthy note? The storekeepers and merchants tell of old accounts, long regarded as hopeless cases, being settled unexpectedly by customers walking into the stores and shops and laying down the money on the counters. They announce better cash sales and fewer requests for credit. And so on.

"The above is all interesting and important as it affects the situation, but the Star holds that the most important of all, regardless of cost in dollars and cents one way or the other, is the improved moral tone of the community. True it is, the dreadful blind tiger has found a lair in our midst, but we venture to assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that if the prosecuting attorney and police would do their duty fearlessly, conscientiously and seriously, this evil outgrowth of the closing of the licensed saloon would be quickly reduced to the minimum and the presence of the illicit liquor traffic would be hard to detect except with extreme effort. We admit that old-time and hardened drinkers will find some means of getting liquor as long as liquor is made, but the handy, convenient saloons, with doors wide open and located every half block or so in the business district and at farther distances in the residential sections, are missing. They no longer constitute pitfalls of easy access and inviting nature to the oncoming generations. The blind tigers which do exist in the city, we again say, can be driven out and this violation of the law and evil influence minimized if only the prosecutor and police department will perform their duty. Men of ordinary perceptive powers and judgment, such as these officers claim to be and doubtless are, can rid Muncie, if they choose to do so, of the places where intoxicating liquors are unlawfully sold. There is no possible denial to this assertion; it can be done, we again say, if they only will it can be done. That is all there is to the question.

"In conclusion, the Star rejoices that the licensed saloon is an institution of the past in Muncie; a year has demonstrated that a good live community will not perish if the grogshop, as it was conducted here for decades, is banished. It furthermore happens that we know of 'wet' adherents who have changed their opinion in the last twelve months and agree with us on this proposition. If Muncie and Delaware county were to vote today on the question the 'dry' majority would be nearer 4,000 than 3,000 as it was April 27, 1909."

There is one thing which is making some of the saloon element pause a little in its effort to secure the repeal of the county option law: it is the large majority which was rolled up against the saloon in the countries in which elections have been held. This majority was 74,338. The few cities that now have the saloon fear that the wiping out of the county option law would result in a most determined campaign for state-wide prohibition, which would have a fair chance to win, and so some are counseling a let-alone policy.

GOD'S HAND IN OUR NATIONAL HISTORY.

A Sermon by Rev. C. C. Cragin.

Text: Psalms 124: verses 1-4.

There is an old saying, "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions. It is as false as it is foolish. It denies history; it dethrones God. God is on the side of the right, not on the side of the strong. How many times have the righteous few prevailed over the unrighteous many—Abraham and his trained servants defeating the confederated kings of the East; Gideon and his three hundred putting to flight the hosts of the Midianites!

See God's hand in the conquest of Canaan, rolling back the waters of the Jordan, laying low the fortifications of Jericho. The Israelites alone could never have subdued the Canaanites. The spies reported truly: 'The walls of the city are strong and high, and the people of the land, mighty men of valor.' Israel was no match for the natives of Palestine in numbers, discipline or resources. The conquest of Canaan was God's intervention, not Israel's prowess. The historian pauses in narrating the victories and rescues, to exclaim: 'Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord? Who can show forth all His praise?' * * * The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.'

Little Band Conquers World.

God on the side of the heaviest battalions! But every schoolboy knows of Thermopylae and Marathon, and the victory of the handful of Greeks over the vast hordes of the Persians. Every schoolboy knows that the little band of Alexander the Great conquered the world. Every schoolboy knows that Spain's haughty armada was destroyed by the winds of heaven and the daring of Britain's little fleet. Why did Napoleon lose the battle of Waterloo? In part because he misunderstood the evasive reply of the guide, and sent the flower of his cavalry charging into a deep ditch 'Fighting Joe Hooker' is reported to have said at Chancellorsville, "God Almighty cannot prevent my winning this battle;" but the audacious general suffered an overwhelming defeat. 'Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? Hath it not been told you from the beginning? Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers.'

Hear God's Signals

You have heard of wireless telegraphing between ships at sea, by which the approach of a steamer miles away can be discovered through fog or storm. The vibrations of the propeller, or the stroke of her paddlewheels, can be detected by the sensitive telephone receiver. By the wires on either side of the ship below the waterline the captain's bridge or the pilot-house are put into communication with the steamer obscured from view by miles of fog or rain, and messages are exchanged between the distant vessels.

"But there are tidings for us from other quarters. To the ears sensitive to the currents from on high is revealed God's loving care, God's gracious providence toward us and the Nation. Let us listen to these signals from the sky, which show the good hand of God in our National history. The record is fascinating and valuable.

"O God, beneath thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea."

"The early Colonial period was full of gracious providences; but so also was the period of the Revolution."

God Aids Us to Freedom.

Can we not trace God's hand in gaining our independence as a Nation? How many crises there were during the war of the Revolution! Boston isolated! Her commerce paralyzed, and her trade and industries ruined, if the colonies had not come to her rescue, and made her interests their own. The Declaration of Independence made neither too soon nor too late! The odds were overwhelmingly against the Colonies in their revolt from Great Britain. They had no army, no navy, no currency, no government. The militiamen were few and scattered, undrilled and undisciplined; they were subject to the various Colonies rather than to the Nation that was beginning to be. Valley Forge saw heartrending privations in the winter quarters of the patriot army. The troops were hungry, cold, starving; they went barefoot in the snow. And what ruin might have come from Benedict Arnold's treachery, had it not been for its timely discovery? The capture of Major Andre. Washington crossing the Delaware amidst the floating ice, the sympathy and active aid of France, the surrender of Burgoyne—were not these turning points in alarming crises? 'If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, let Israel now say: "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up alive, when their wrath was kindled against us; then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul."'

Heaven-Sent Lessons.

But God's hand was shown in raising up leaders for us in the great emergency. Every section of the land furnished its quota of illustrious men.

"Benjamin Franklin, the Yankee printer boy, schooled in poverty, versatile, inventive, with a genius for science, for diplomacy, for statesmanship. Think of the man educated in a tallow chandler's shop in Colonial Boston more than a match for the trained diplomats of Europe! Franklin brought the French fleet to the aid of our disheartened troops in their forlorn contest with the mightiest nation of Europe.

Alexander Hamilton was one of the greatest men whom God gave to America in its time of need. Cosmopolitan in his ancestry, of Scotch and French Huguenot descent, and born in the West Indies, he was Washington's right-hand man, the brainiest man in America; he was scholarly, inspiring, untiring; he had a genius for war, for statesmanship, for finance; he was an epoch-making man for his adopted land, as she entered upon her new and untried career. Strong men in great crises save a nation from blunder. They blaze a path through the thick woods, and men follow them in safety and confidence, when otherwise they would have been bewildered in the trackless forest. And God raised up these strong men.

Adams a Patriotic Leader

Samuel Adams of Boston was another such providential leader; a patriot of the patriots, a Hebrew of the Hebrews; towering, like Saul, head and shoulders above his countrymen in foresight and tact; the pilot of New England, as she sailed the unexplored sea of revolution and independence; a poor man, but unpurchasable; modest, retiring, pushing to the front only when he saw that something must be done, and that it might not be done if he

did not start it; a man who sought, not a name, but a service, not his own fame, but his country's welfare.

And John Adams was another Massachusetts leader whom God raised up, not so much a foundation layer as Samuel Adams, but able, patriotic, courageous. Well said Daniel Webster on the part of this champion in the debate over the Declaration of Independence, "We know the opinion of Mr. Adams, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and correctness. "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true that in the beginning we aimed not at independence, but there's a divinity that shapes our ends."

Henry, the Virginian.

And there was Patrick Henry, the Virginian, not scholarly, like John Adams, but of a more fiery eloquence. How he electrified the Virginia House of Burgesses, when he thundered, "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—"Treason," cried the speaker; 'Treason, treason,' echoed from every part of the house. 'And George the Third,' continued the undaunted Henry, 'may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.'

And Virginia furnished Thomas Jefferson, also brilliant, original, timely, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom, as the epitaph reads that Jefferson himself dictated.

But greatest of Virginians, and greatest of Americans, during that Revolutionary period, as we all know was George Washington, of whom we say, with gratitude to God for raising up such a man, 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' An aristocrat by birth and association and instinct, he nevertheless devoted his fortune, his life and his sacred honor to the cause of the people; a providential man, like Moses and David and Elijah, and Peter and Paul; born for his great mission, and trained by Divine discipline for generalship and statesmanship; 'one of the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die;' a man great in opportunities, great in achievements, great in character; not as brilliant as some of his colleagues in camp and Congress, but safer, sounder, nobler, more symmetrical, more reverend; massive and solid like the pyramids of Egypt. The God who raised up Moses to lead the Israelites in their wilderness journey, raised up Washington to lead America from colonial dependence to freedom and a great Nationality.

Our Book of Kings

In the biography of Franklin and Hamilton and Samuel Adams and John Adams and Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson and George Washington, we have the Book of Kings and the Book of Chronicles, of our Israel, this Nation so favored of God.

Hear this from Washington's farewell address, September 17, 1796: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who shall labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man ought to respect and cherish them. * * Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice?"

And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education in minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that National morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.' Thank God for such words as these from the Father of his Country, emphasized by such a life!

Our Constitution From God.

God's hand was shown in preserving our freedom and our existence as a Nation. After the Revolutionary War, what? A few feeble Colonies bound loosely together by a confederation! The Constitution of the United States, adopted only after long and heated debate, by mutual concession and compromise! Some thought too much power was vested in the central Government; others, that too much was reserved to the States. Some feared the President of the United States would be a king in all but name; others, that he would be a man of straw. The smaller States were afraid of being absorbed into the larger ones; the larger States thought it unjust that the smaller should have as large a representation in the Senate as they.

But God guided the debates and discussions in legislative halls, in popular assemblies, in coffee-houses and in newspapers; and the Constitution of the United States was adopted—not a perfect instrument, for it was made by imperfect men for imperfect men, but a good, working document, defending the liberties of the people, and aiding their prosperity.

But God guided the debates and discussions in legislative halls from all nationalities. I refer not now to later times, when naturalization papers have been given in such quantities to foreigners not always worthy. Said the Review of Reviews in July 1903: 'The dirty little ferryboat John G. Carlisle * * * in her hourly trips from Ellis Island to the Battery, carries more immigrants in a year than came over in all the fleets of all nations in the two centuries after John Smith landed at Jamestown.'

Welds Many Into One

But I have now in mind the assimilation of the early immigrants under the guiding hand of God—the Pilgrims and the Puritans in New England, the Dutch in New York, the Roman Catholics in Maryland, the Royalists in the two Carolinas, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Germans, the Irish and French in the Southern, Middle and Eastern States. They spoke different languages; they held different religious beliefs; they had different theories of government, and different ideas of National prosperity. What distinguished Europeans are found among the officers of higher grade in the war of the Revolution—LaFayette, Pulaski, Steuben, DeKalb! And what an illustrious roll of foreign names is headed by such men as these!

"I can trace my ancestry, through a published genealogy on my father's side, to the year 1640 in this country, 20 years after the Mayflower landed her precious cargo of has so largely assimilated the immigrants from Northern would be, and how slight its influence, if it were made up only of the lineal descendants of those who came to our shores before 1650! Thank God for that providence which has a largely assimilated the immigrants from Northern Europe and Canada who call themselves, and who deserve to be called Americans! And pray God that we may show

such justice and such kindness to the people of every race, color and condition in America and her dependencies and elsewhere throughout the world, that the name America shall be a synonym for righteousness and brotherly love.

'God's providence in the past gives hope and confidence in the future. He was with the Nation in the dark days of the Revolutionary War, disciplining and strengthening by conflicts and hardships; He is with us now, while the battle is waging with dishonesty and intemperance and licentiousness.

'May God keep us free from bondage to every passion and appetite! May God make us united in His service and in the service for mankind! May God avert all strife and controversy between labor and capital, between the North and the South, between the East and the West, between the black men and the red men and the yellow men and the brown men and the white men, between the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the cultured, the unblest and the fortunate. May Daniel Webster's prayer and vision come true, 'When my eyes shall be turned to behold, once more and for the last time, the sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the once glorious.'

THE EXPERIENCE OF A CHINESE SEEKER AFTER THE TRUTH.

(The following is a free translation of a letter written by a Chinese Christian telling of his long years of search after the truth.)

"When I was about twelve years of age, I began to seek for truth to satisfy my longing soul. In school, I studied with much interest the Confucian classic, 'The Doctrine of the Mean.' The following words especially interested me: 'The expression of the will of Heaven is Nature, and the Guide of our moral nature is Truth; Truth is found by searching and by instruction. Truth may not be forsaken for a moment. That which can be forsaken is not Truth.'

"I dwelt much upon these thoughts, saying to myself: 'Where is Truth to be found? Whence are all things? and 'Why are they as they are?' Man is hurrying to and fro, but what of all activity? Whither are we going? Man searches earnestly for fame and wealth, but soon leaves them even if he find them. What of the future? Is there a life to come?' I purposed to search to the limit of my ability for light on these problems.

"I studied for about a year with a priest of the 'White Forest Convent.' This priest was kind to me, was faithful in his devotions, and tried to explain to me the doctrine—his Logos, as well as he could. He offered me a good position in the temple if I would continue with him, but my heart was not satisfied. I gave careful heed to all that pertains to monastic life, made myself thoroughly familiar with the Buddhist Classics designed to perfect the soul of man. Among these classics are: 'The Diamond Classic, the Goddess of Mercy Classic and others; but I wanted more truth than was here contained.

"When about fifteen years old, I entered a shop to learn watch-mending; but while here, my chief thought was still for spiritual instruction. One of my associates was a devout Taoist. He gave much time to the

Taoist Classic of Truth and Virtue, repeating it at least a hundred times a day for the cultivation of his higher faculties with a view to immortality. I also studied this little classic faithfully, would not retire at night until I had repeated it the required number of times. I compared it with the Buddhist teachings I had learned. I pursued this course faithfully for about a year, hoping to find the elixir of life, but got little profit and found it unsatisfying.

"Another of my associates being a Roman Catholic, I talked with him about his faith, and went one day with him to the cathedral in Peking. I was there at first favorably impressed and had an interview with the priest. In the course of our conversation, the priest said I must purchase a 'Forgiveness Ticket.' I asked him at what price these tickets were sold. He said there was no fixed price; this would be determined by my sins and my ability to pay. This did not seem to me to be right, so I drew back.

"Later I went to the Lama Temple, and acquainted myself with their classics, which are similar to those of the Buddhists. I studied their systems of purification, their efforts employed in order to become immortals, their writing of charms, exorcism, repetition of incantations, and so forth. There was much darkness and confusion here and no clear and satisfying truth such as I was looking for.

"One day in 1900, I was out walking on the street and met a colporteur, and bought a copy of the Gospels, Mark and John, paying about half a cent for the two. I read these daily, greatly to my delight. How different the thought here from what I had been studying! In the prayerful study of these Gospels I felt the Holy Spirit moving upon my heart. I studied also the 'Pilgrim's Progress' and the 'Life of Hudson Taylor' with a class of inquirers then studying with Mr. Kuang. My heart found the long-sought-for rest—rest in Christ Jesus. Here I found the Truth—the satisfying Truth. My faith is strong like the great mountain of Shantung. I studied my Bible and meditated day and night on its teachings. The love and good example of the Christians greatly encouraged me and deepened my belief in the fact that here at last I had found the Truth. My heart is very happy. If such truth does not move men's hearts, there is no hope for them. I want to live for God and glorify Him on earth, and dwell with Him in the long hereafter."

AN INTERESTING CONTRAST.

In a recent address Judge McDaniels contrasted Sutter and Yuba counties very much to the credit of the first-named.

Sutter has no saloons. Yuba has a large number. The judge said

"During the past sixteen years I have had opportunity of making an intimate observation of Sutter and Yuba counties, lying, as they do side by side, with a population almost equal. In those 16 years there have been 16,000 arrests in Yuba county for crimes, including both felonies and misdemeanors. In the same period there have been

600 arrests in Sutter county for the same offenses. In the past sixteen years there have been 175 arrests in Yuba county for felony charges. In the same period there have been 65 such arrests in Sutter county. Of the 500 cases arising in the Sutter court, fully 200 were those of floaters, who had gone over to Sutter county from Marysville and belonged rather to the latter place.

"Since the Juvenile Court was established in Yuba county," Judge McDaniels continued, 'there have been fifty cases of dependent and delinquent children in the Yuba county Probation Court, and 95 per cent of these cases are due to the use of liquor on the part of the father or mother, or both of the parents of the children. In the Sutter county court there has not been a solitary case of a dependent or delinquent child since the law went into effect. Yuba county has expended thousands of dollars in securing a probation home and in the payment of probation officers to care for these delinquent children, while Sutter county has not expended a single dime, and has not even had occasion to appoint a probation officer.

"In the last thirty months," said the speaker, "there have been only two felony cases arising in the Superior Court of Sutter county, and neither one of those belonged properly to the county. During the same period in Yuba county there have actually been tried twenty felony cases with jury trials, to say nothing of those accused of felonies who entered a plea of guilty and were sent to the penitentiary forthwith.

"The state hospitals are crowded, the state prisons are crowded, the industrial schools are crowded. Physicians in charge of the insane asylums state that 80 per cent of the inmates are there on account of the liquor traffic. The state was spending in the maintenance of these various penal, reformatory and insane institutions \$3,500,000 annually. Taking into account the expenditure of the counties, this amount would be trebled, making the cost to the state over \$10,000,000 annually."

The California Voice, in commenting on Judge McDaniels' address, said

"Judge McDaniels might have added that the city tax rate of Marysville, county seat of Yuba (wet) county is \$3.50 on the \$100 worth of property, while the city tax rate of Yuba City, Sutter (dry) county is only 75 cents on the \$100 worth of property."

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S GIFT TO PACIFIC COAST MISSIONARY WORK.

The Youth's Companion gives the following:

In the year 1877, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll made an extended tour of the Pacific Coast. He spoke in several of the larger cities, and at length arrived in Portland. There was in the city a certain missionary to the Chinooks. He could not afford to buy a ticket to the lecture, and was greatly disturbed at what he read concerning it. Yet he felt a strong desire to meet Colonel Ingersoll, and a common friend procured a meeting between them.

There was a moment of constraint, relieved by the greater ease of Colonel Ingersoll, who began the conversation by inquiring concerning the work of the mission-

ary. A little mirthfully he questioned him about the advisability of exporting religion, of which there might not be any surplus at home, and inquired, somewhat doubtfully, about the wisdom of a man's giving his life to a hopeless task in attempting to teach a small and vanishing tribe things of which we ourselves have perhaps less knowledge than we suppose.

The answer of the missionary, however, interested Colonel Ingersoll. He inquired about the "Chinook jargon," that mongrel speech, made of English, Canadian French, Chinook and other Indian words, picked up from several tribes, and all softened and modified to suit deficiencies of pronunciation; the *r* changed into *l*, after the Chinese manner, and the grammar "made by chopping up words with a tomahawk."

How could a man preach in a language where one word had to serve as noun, verb and adjective? How could a man of education make himself understood in a language with only four parts of speech and some fragments? How could he tell the story of Peter's denial in a language which, having only one word for all manner of feathered things, and no verb for the act of crowing, made it necessary for the speaker to imitate the act and sound? How could he tell that Peter swore, in a language that had no verb "to curse," but had plenty of oaths inherited from traders in various tongues? How could he impart an idea of sacred things in a polyglot of slang?

The missionary told him the story of his work—how he preached as he best could in the poor, meager speech of the people, meantime teaching the children English, encouraging them in useful arts, fighting the vices of civilization as they make inroads among the people, and doing what he could for them as adviser and friend. It was hard work, and not very encouraging, but it was worth doing, and he was happy in it.

In telling his story thus, encouraged and led on by a man trained and skilful in cross-examination, the missionary unconsciously disclosed many of the hardships and privations which his work entailed upon him. Possibly, and indeed probably, he had not thought of them seriously as hardships, and therefore he related with telling simplicity the stories of long journeys by canoe and on horseback, of nights in the open, of poor and sometimes revolting food eaten in savage company.

There was no word of complaint, nor even the least expression of regret, except for books and papers and magazines missed.

When the missionary rose to go, Colonel Ingersoll took his hand warmly and said: "I thank you for coming to see me. This interests me very much. It's good work that you are doing; — it's good work. And here take this. I am not a frequent contributor to missionary work, but I like this."

Into the missionary's hand he dropped a bright twenty-dollar gold piece.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF AVALON CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

One bright Sunday morning in June, 1888, there passed from tent to tent, cottage to cottage, one who today is known to every Sunday-school in Southern California: Rev.

H. P. Case, for it was he, had come to the island for the purpose of organizing a Sunday-school.

In response to this personal invitation a goodly number of residents and summer visitors met in the large canvas pavilion on Crescent avenue and accomplished that for which they had come together; electing as Superintendent Mrs. S. A. Wheeler, who, each Sunday afternoon for several months, had gathered together the few children in Avalon, teaching them the lessons of the Bible. Thus was started our Sunday-school, and the seed planted which grew into the present church organization.

The hearty good will, generous and kindly feeling of the "stranger within our gates," the visitors to Avalon have from the beginning been a great source of encouragement and strength, not only in the early days, but through all the years following.

With the close of the summer the trips of the steamer ceased, as was usual in those early years, and for eight months the few residents of Avalon alone remained, but throughout the winter the work thus begun continued, and the Sunday school met at the home of Mrs. Wheeler.

In the spring of 1889 there was at Vernon a young minister very ill, in whom the then owner of the island had become much interested. Hearing of the serious illness of the Rev. Charles Uzzell, he with his wife drove there to see him and with his characteristic kindly and cheerful manner, said: "Oh you will soon be well again; go over to Avalon and build a church there."

A ray of life and hope seemed to spring up within the apparently hopelessly sick man and he soon recovered sufficiently to be taken to the island. This faithful watchman as he looked about gathering in the signs of promise, saw that the fullness of time was at hand for the fulfillment of the purpose of his heart, the founding of a church in Avalon, and can be God's help erect a house in His name."

A meeting was held July 1st, at the house of Mr. Wheeler to consider the proposition of building a little church. There were nine present and it was decided "that we need, must and can, by God's help, erect a house in His name."

Meetings were held, plans discussed, committees appointed, the first money raised, and fifteen having declared their willingness to unite, the church was organized July 15, 1889. On the 21st of July the schooner "Ruby" arrived in Avalon bay with the lumber, which was laid upon the lots, the gift of George R. Shatto, then owner of the island, and the modest building was soon erected.

On August 21st the church council was held and the church at Avalon received into the fellowship of Congregational churches, and dedicated the following Sunday.

Left to ourselves the succeeding winter, the Rev. George Morris came to us as pastor May 28, 1890. During his pastorate of three years our bell was put in its place and the pleasing sound of the church-going bell was heard on Catalina; a sound wholly new to her ancient hills. The walls of the church, heretofore unfinished, were during this time lathed, plastered and paper decorated. Some faithful members were received into the church during his pastorate.

In May, 1893, Rev. H. A. Brown, of North Dakota, came to be pastor, but remained only six months and was followed by the Rev. Ewing O. Tade, who came to Avalon as

pastor in March, 1894, faithfully and earnestly filling the pulpit for five years. During this pastorate the first parsonage was given to the church and the first addition made to the church building.

Rev. W. W. Lovejoy, of Oakland, supplied the pulpit for summer of 1889, and it was at his suggestion that Rev. Charles W. Williams came to preach one Sunday in Avalon. To hear him was to call him to the pastorate, which he accepted in November, 1899, remaining nine years.

The history of this, the longest pastorate, had we the space to give it, would furnish most interesting reading; how the rebuilding and enlarging of the parsonage was brought about, and the enlarging, remodeling and furnishing the church building, making a very creditable edifice for this island village. The various church activities in many particulars were very successfully carried forward under the able leadership of Mr. Williams.

In giving even a very condensed history of the church mention should be made of the generous moral and financial support given the church by its friends and visitors to the island. The generous gifts and courtesies received from the Banning Company have been a great and very much appreciated aid in the maintenance of the church here.

The present pastorate of Rev. M. A. Martin, beginning June 1st, 1909, is now making its history and opens very auspiciously, and the church has reason to look toward the future with joy and expectancy.

During all these years the Gospel has been faithfully preached in this church. Many have come to a knowledge of the truth within its walls. The sick have been comforted and relieved. The influence of the church on the lives of the people, both resident and transient, has been very great, working as we believe, beyond time and into eternity.

The present membership of the church is seventy, with about twenty non-resident, and it is entirely self-supporting since May, 1910.

FRST MASS IN YOSEMITE.

The first Easter Mass in Yosemite was in 1861. It is described by May S. Corcoran in The Monitor, our Roman Catholic contemporary, as follows:

"Less magnificent were the marble palaces and glittering temples of Jerusalem in their day of ancient splendor when a risen Savior glorified it with his presence, than Yosemite on the morning when the first Easter Mass was celebrated in the shadow of Cathedral Spires to the river's hymn of resurrection.

"Sunbeams danced through every crevice of those granite domes. Plants and shrubs, drenched by recent storms, burst into sudden bloom, filling the air with fragrance. Cataracts tossed pearly showers above the gay cadence of rippling melody. The great ice cone at the foot of Yosemite Falls had broken and fallen into the river with a sound that reverberated miles away, freeing the waters, for months silent under its firm bound, now bounding, echoing, laughing in the joy of re-awakened life. The world was glad with a light of heaven in it; the valley a temple worthy of its Creator.

"And on this Easter morning, in 1861, when Father Handy, who had crossed the snow mountains led only by blazes on the trees, stepped on the porch of the same Sen-

tinel Hotel that still serves to accommodate tourists, he seemed for the first time to know in its fullest the meaning of resurrection.

"'Church,' an Indian approaching indicated the two tall columnar rocks at the end of the valley.

"'Cathedral spires, sure enough!' Father Handy exclaimed, and, calling his friends, followed the Indian toward the river bank, from which arose the towering granite spires that bear the name.

"There on a flat rock before a tabernacle formed from blood-red snow-plants, the altar cloth was spread, the chalice raised and the first Mass celebrated.

"Near to the white men knelt a circle of Indians in their half savage dress. Some trembled and some pressed their faces to the ground.

"When, after the service, Father Handy questioned them, one who spoke comparatively pure English, told of mission days long ago in Santa Clara, of church spires like these rocks, of journeys and battles and Ten-re-ya's stronghold, Yo Hamite. But the link between those Christian days and the return to savagery, no white hand has ever caught.

"On that Easter morning, through those scarcely trodden aisles, beneath the silent spires, in the music of the waters and the fragrance of the flowers, Christ's spirit breathed among them, and like the fishermen of Gallilee, all doubts, all memories but of love, forgotten, they worshipped Him, their God.

"Those once Christian Indians, who again wandered far afield, formed the congregation for that first Easter Mass in Yosemite, and the young priest who celebrated it, although he went to a scarcely marked grave, had his day of glory."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco; Mayflower—On Sunday, July 17th Rev. Joseph Rowell preached with edification and conviction. He has not outgrown his ability to lead souls to Jesus Christ.

San Francisco; Mission—Members and friends of the Mission Church are watching with interest the progress of their new edifice, which is beginning to assume churchly features.

Seattle; Plymouth—The pastor will be absent from the pulpit for three Sundays, beginning July 17th. During part of Dr. Van Horn's absence Rev. Morris H. Turk, Ph. D., of Boston, will act as supply.

Petaluma—Pulpit was supplied on the 10th inst. by Rev. W. C. Pond, D. D., and on the 17th by Rev. Mr. Owens, of Martinez. Fair vacation audiences greeted the speakers, and a favorable impression was left. Both will be welcome again.

Mill Valley—Rev. H. H. Wikoff occupied the pulpit here most acceptably Sunday morning July 17th, in place of the

pastor, Rev. S. R. Yarrow, who had met with a painful but not serious accident during the week. Mr. Yarrow sustained a fall of no great height but which rendered him unconscious for several hours. It is expected he will be fully recovered in a few days.

Pomona—Five members were received into fellowship July 10th. All departments of the church are active. At the Boys' Brigade encampment at Catalina, forty-two of our church were in camp; and the parents of several of the boys visited the company in the course of the week. The Encampment was a complete success and much credit is due to the officers of our company for their efforts in behalf of our boys. The Brigade work for the coming year seems very promising. A picnic for the mothers of children in our Primary Department and our newly organized cradle roll was held Thursday, July 12th.

Redlands—The first Sunday evening open-air service conducted by the Congregational and Presbyterian churches of Redlands was a gratifying success. A very quiet and attentive audience of some nine hundred people nearly filled the "Airdome" where the services were held. The pictures exhibited were first, "The Fall of Babylon," showing the feast of Belshazzar, and the handwriting on the wall; the second was the beginning of a series upon the "Life of Moses," showing the incidents connected with his birth, concealment on the banks of the Nile, and discovery by Pharaoh's daughter. Both sets of pictures were very impressive. It is planned to continue the services throughout July, August and September.

Reno—Our Brother Mears, in leaving Reno for Alameda, did what he could to prevent his flock from being left without a Shepherd. There is in Cheyenne, Wyoming one of his classmates, Rev. Frank L. Moore whom he hoped to prevail upon to come still further west and take up his work. But Mr. Moore could not leave the people to whom he has ministered for many years, and so he did the next best thing in recommending Rev. Mr. Trant, of Sheridan, Wyoming, whom he described as an "all around" man—good preacher, good pastor, a safe as well as an aggressive progressive minister. He is a Methodist who has for some time been desiring to enter into the larger liberty which our polity affords. He will be at Reno on the 31st, the day on which Bro. Mears takes his leave, so that the church will not be without a pastor for even a single week.

WASHINGTON NEWS

Rev. C. F. Clarke, Correspondent. 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle.

Chewelah—Nine were received into membership at the July Communion, three on confession. The interior of the church has been repapered and painted and new electric light fixtures installed, doubling the light. The improvements cost \$160. The pastor, Rev. H. A. Luckenbach, will spend a month in California.

Seattle, Youngtown and Bayview—Services are maintained throughout the summer and are well attended. There have been morning services at both churches lately, Rev.

Rev. Mr. Mercer, Rev. M. A. Frost and laymen alternating with the pastor, Rev. T. R. Ellwell. Two were received into membership at the Bayview church July 3rd. The pastor and his family expect to spend two weeks at the Northwest Chautauqua on Whidby Island.

Calls—To Wenatchee, C. E. Dunn of the First U. P. Church, Spokane, to Monroe, C. W. Cooper (U. P.). To Anacortes, C. A. Dolph, (M. P.) to give full time for the rest of the year. The city has been stirred up by the Evangelistic meetings held by Mr. Osborn. Rev. David Reid has gone to help Mr. Dolph look after the converts who should be cared for by the Congregational church. To Cathlamet, W. H. Head. To Hartford for three months, E. M. Smith. To Valdez, Alaska, H. O. Henderson. Sails August 5th.

Seattle, Green Lake—Twenty members have been added this year, fourteen on confession. No extra services have been held but at each communion there have been additions. Four members have been lost by death, each of them loved and among our most useful. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Weedin, charter members, within less than four months. Mr. Weedin was deacon and most of the time trustee since the organization of the church. Mr. Geo. P. Sanborn the oldest member, 91 years and six weeks of age, constant in attendance till within a few months and Mrs. N. B. Page, who though comparatively a new member, had become so identified with the work that she seemed to have been one of us from the beginning. The pastor, Rev. C. F. Clarke, will camp at Three Tree Point during August.

Seattle Pilgrim—The feature of Pilgrim's work during the summer seems to be the large attendance at the Thursday night prayer meeting. Dr. Kloss also draws large audiences to the Sunday services. The latest news from Dr. Smith is to the effect that he will probably reach Seattle about Aug. 6th. Pilgrim mourns the loss of two of its most loved members, Mr. and Mrs. Wiley, who, while on a launch trip in British Columbia were dragged from a row boat which was carried by the swift current through the branches of a fallen tree. Mr. H. C. Ewing was also dragged from the boat, but succeeded in gaining a hold on the tree and crawling to shore. Mr. Ewing had presence of mind enough to release the row boat, hoping that Mr. Wiley would find it an aid in caring for himself and wife, but it was no use. Mr. Wiley's last words were to Mr. Ewing, saying he could take care of his wife, but the current was too swift.

MINISTERS' MONDAY MEETING

The Ministers' meeting of the week was addressed by Rev. E. Hoskins on the subject of Home Missions in California. He presented in an interesting manner the need for cultured able men to serve in the frontier places, the value of Church federation, and the necessity to convince the workers of the farms and mines and forests, that a minister of the Gospel is a MAN, who does a man's work and not an inefficient do-nothing. Opposed to these needs of the frontier Mr. Hoskins stated were the evils of unwise evangelists, emotional revivals and harmful sectarianism. The interest aroused in the subject by Mr. Hoskin's presentation led to the extending of an invitation to

Rev. H. H. Wykoff to continue the discussion at next Monday's meeting. The following officers for the ensuing six months were elected July 11th: President, Rev. O. L. Corbin; vice-president, Rev. E. Clarence Oakley; secretary, Rev. Leslie B. Briggs.

OREGON LETTER

By George H. Himes

For many years the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Congregational Church of this city has been an exceedingly important factor in assisting to solve many of its financial problems. So long as the church was in debt the funds of the Society were in large measure devoted to the reduction of that debt. After all obligations in that direction were discharged, and all the furnishings of the church were placed in good order, it seemed wise on the part of the Society that a Memorial Window should be placed on the south side of the auditorium in memory of the late Rev. T. Eaton Clapp, D. D. Accordingly an order to that end was placed with Messrs. Povey Brothers, a local firm of Art Glass workers, and last Sunday the window was dedicated.

The space occupied by the window is 20 by 30 feet. It was designed in the studios of the firm mentioned, and is an appropriately chosen tribute to the man whom it commemorates and for the edifice which it adorns. The window consists of six openings, which are not only separated by wide mullions, but also are divided midway by a gallery. The rose window is twelve feet in diameter, and its subject is "Christ Blessing Little Children," by Plockhorst, a famous French ecclesiastical artist, with the words, "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me." In this window there are seventeen figures and over 5,000 pieces of art glass. The painting is surrounded by a rich border of grapes. The glass used in the painting is English Cathedral, plated with several thicknesses of American opalescent glass, the purpose of which is to soften the light and obtain a rich color effect. The portion of the window below the gallery is as follows: Central panel, "The Good Shepherd," by Plockhorst, and underneath the following inscription:

"In memory of

Rev. T. Eaton Clapp, D. D.,

Beloved Pastor of this Church, 1886-1894

Whose earnest endeavor made possible the
erection of this church."

On either side of the central panel an adoring angel is represented, the one on the left bearing the words, "We Adore Thee, We Worship Thee." The one on the right the words, "We Magnify Thy Holy Name." In the panel on the left is shown Hoffman's "Christ and the Rich Young Man," bearing the words, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life." Luke 18:18, and on the right "Christ Preaching from the Steps of the Temple," and the text, "Seek Ye the Kingdom of God." Matt. 6:33. The design is from a window in New York by J. and R. Lamb. The whole window is rich in color and exquisitely beautiful in design.

At the same time an ornamental stained glass window in the opening on the north side of the auditorium, also 20 by 30 was dedicated. The rose window shows a

Gothic cross surmounted by a crown, surrounded by sprays of annunciation lilies. Below the gallery the center panel is a Roman cross, and on the left "A" for Alpha, and on the right "O" for Omega. The inscription on the central panel is:

"In Memory of

Samuel Morse Smith,

A constant friend and supporter
of this Church."

Among the last subscriptions—it is believed to be the last—that Dr. Clapp secured nearly twenty years ago was one of \$500.00 from Mrs. Maria A. Smith, the widow of the above named gentleman. When the time for payment came she was financially embarrassed and was unable to pay. Within a few months past the property she owned has realized a good price, so that she was able to discharge all obligations against her. As soon as her lawyers were settled with she called upon the board of trustees and paid her subscription, at the same time saying that she wanted the sum used for the specific purpose for which it was given. Then it was turned over to the Ladies' Aid Society, and this memorial window is the result. Although it cost considerably more than \$500.00, the additional sum was very cheerfully supplied by Mrs. Smith.

This estimable lady, although not a member of the Congregational Church, is a devoted Christian woman. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Campbell, her parents, came on the Missionary ship Lausanne, which left New York in October, 1839, and arrived at the Hudson Bay Company's Fort Vancouver on June 1, 1840, and being a part of the great reinforcement to the Methodist missions of that day, they removed at once to Salem. There Mrs. Smith was born on October 16, 1841, and has the distinction of being the first white child born in that city.

At the Communion Service last Sunday eight new members were added to the church.

During the past week a handsome Memorial Tablet of bronze has been placed upon the wall of the church just south of the pulpit, by the children of Dr. Atkinson. The inscription is as follows:

"In Memory of

Rev. George H. Atkinson, D. D.,

May 10, 1819—Feb. 25, 1889.

Founder of Congregationalism in the Northwest, and for forty years the mainstay of all its beginnings in Oregon and Washington. Founder of the Public School System of Oregon. Pastor of this Church from July, 1863 to January 1873. Strong in Faith, Pure in Life, Beloved as a Man, and as a Minister of the Gospel. A preacher of Truth, Righteousness and Love."

Portland, July 10, 1910.

AN ADDITION TO THE LITANY

The following addition to the Litany was proposed by H. L. Sizer, Deacon of Plymouth church, Seattle, at a recent meeting:

"From a daily press that can spend thousands—yes, millions of dollars to report a brutal slugging match—Good Lord Deliver us.

From a daily press that can give column after column—yes page after page—to a report of the brutal exhibition but can't give a part of a column to report one of the

greatest of modern civilizing and christianizing gatherings—the International Missionary Convention at Edinburgh—Good Lord Deliver Us.

From the bad influence of the "Good" and "Prominent" citizens who can journey to Reno to watch an exhibition of that character—the women who go—Good Lord Deliver Us.

From the possible repetition of the bad influence through the moving picture shows of this scandal—Good Lord Deliver Us.

From a community that can be aroused because of the wrong act of one member of a regiment and ask for its removal and disbandment when they sit idly by and do not try to stop the terrible "White Chapel" we have in our city—Good Lord Deliver Us.

From the "Good" and "Prominent" men of our communities who are bad citizens who neglect their civic duties—from the churches' failure to rise to their opportunity and duty—Good Lord Deliver Us."

THE HOME

LOVE'S FULFILLING.

O Love is weak
Which counts the answers and the gains,
Weighs all the losses and the pains;
And eagerly each fond word drains
A joy to seek.

When love is strong
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its returns exceed
Its gifts; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strifes belong.

It hardly asks
If it be loved at all; to take
So barren seems, when it can make
Such bliss for the beloved's sake,
Of bitter tasks.

Its ecstasy
Could find hard death so beautiful,
It sees through tears how Christ loved us,
And speaks in saying "I love thus,"
No blasphemy.

So much we miss
If love is weak, so much we gain
If love is strong, God thinks no pain
Too sharp or lasting to ordain
To teach us this.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

LOST EVERYTHING BUT CHEERFULNESS.

No matter what else you may accomplish in life, or however rich you may become, if you do not keep sweet—if you allow yourself to sour, to become a pessimist, your life will be unproductive, and you will be a comparative failure.

Resolve that whatever comes, or does not come to you, whether you succeed in your particular undertaking or fail, whether you make money or lose it, you will keep sweet, cheerful, hopeful, helpful, optimistic.

Everywhere we see pessimistic, doleful people going through the world—people who have ruined their capacity for enjoyment because they allowed their losses, their sorrows, their fears, their failures, to take all the sweetness out of their lives.

It does not matter so very much, after all, whether you make a fortune or not; but it does matter very much whether or not you keep sweet, have a clean record, and live a balanced life.

Some of the greatest men in all history were total failures as money makers, but they were notable successes in nobility and balance of character, cleanliness of life, mental poise, stability of purpose, and sweetness of disposition.

I know a man whose life has been filled with disappointments and failures, losses and sorrows unspeakable, yet he is one of the sweetest, serenest, most helpful souls I have ever met.

His troubles and sorrows seem to have ripened and beautified his character. His sufferings have been the fire which has burned out all the dross and left only the pure gold.

He is now an old man, with practically nothing of this world's goods left; but he has a monument of love and admiration in the hearts of all who know him. He has never parted with the cheerful smile, nor that sweet-tempered, serene expression which bids defiance to trouble. He has never lost his beautiful mental poise, which has steadied him through all his years of suffering and losses.

After a long life of hard work and desperate struggle, he has no home of his own. His family are all gone, his prosperity gone, his property gone, but he never has a complaint or a tale of woe.

On the contrary, he always has a kindly word and smile, and a warm, sympathetic hand-grasp for every one he knows. He seldom refers to his troubles, and always sees the silver lining to every cloud. No bitterness rankles in his soul, for he early learned the secret of the salient power of love and sympathy. He early resolved that, whatever came to him in life, he would not allow himself to get discouraged.

What a rebuke is this man's optimistic view of life to those who are always finding fault and complaining of their lot! He has lost all his property; he cannot get a permanent position on account of his age, and if he were taken sick would likely be obliged to go to the poor house, and yet he is going around cheering everybody up, encouraging people who are infinitely better off than he is.

Life is too short, time too precious, to go about with a vinegary countenance peddling pessimism and discontent. People who do this are not producers. They are not creators of values. Pessimism is always a destroyer, a handicap; never a creator.

Every day you go over a new road. Scatter your encouragement, your good cheer, your smiles, your flowers, as you go along. You will never go over the same road

again. You cannot afford to leave stumbling blocks and discouragements to hinder others' progress.—*Success Magazine*.

THE PRIDE THAT PREVENTS COMPLAINING.

There are several sorts of pride in human nature, as we all know; the pride that one feels when one succeeds in accomplishing a certain purpose; another pride that makes one feel one's importance — perhaps too greatly; and several varieties of pride in personal appearance.

Some of these are not bad; some should be carefully pruned out of one's nature as soon as possible; but there is one sort of pride that I may truthfully say is not too often found, but the cultivation of which would make life happier, not only for its possessor, but for all with whom she comes in contact. "The pride that prevents complaining."

For there can be nothing gained by the habit of constantly complaining—complaining of one's daily trials; of one's ill-health; of one's frustrated plans, and of how much trouble one has in this world.

If all those you meet, dear woman of many trials and tribulations of spirit, felt duly sympathetic and showed interest, it would be different; you might then hope for some improvement if anybody tried to help you over the many stiles of affliction you find in your path.

But alas for human nature, the other woman is far more interested in her own especial bundle of small troubles than she can possibly be in yours; she is quite as anxious to impress upon you the struggle she is making to stand up under the pricks of fortune as you are to preach yours, and if each demands the sympathy of the other, it gives each a heavier burden to carry.

If you will only try to not take into your head the idea that certain things happen just on purpose to disappoint and aggravate you, I think the habit of complaining will soon disappear. Really, it is very well worth while to occasionally recall the fact that you are but an atom, after all, in the scheme of the universe; that rude fate does not pick you out as a target for outrageous darts to pierce your armor of self-conceit.

First teach yourself and then your children that it is cowardly to complain; that if a thing can be avoided when unpleasant, to do so; if it cannot, to accept it without a murmur.

Because the constant complaint weakens the strength to bear, it gives no relief; no attention is paid to it after a time, when everybody that knows you knows that you belong to the tribe of self-martyrs;—that class of women who, to use a phrase, "are never happy unless they are perfectly miserable."

Now, the proper spirit of pride helps wonderfully in bracing body and soul against the arrows of small as well as large troubles; if you would but think how weak it is to pour your troubles on the heads of whomsoever will listen; how lacking in loyalty to your dear ones to tell of your disappointments and of how you are tried by all the mis-haps of your daily life.

Suppose you are not as well off in this world's goods as is your neighbor; do you think she will have as good an opinion of you if you cannot keep your want of certain luxuries, or even necessities, to yourself, as if

you said nothing at all about it and frankly enjoyed her abundance?

Surely, if you will but look about you will note how very much more you respect those you know who, having many privations, say nothing whatever about them; letting no one into the intimacy of any troubles they may endure.

It will be better for you physically and mentally to hold your head high; physically you appear to much better advantage; photographers always pose a woman with her head high; an aggressive chin, albeit a lovely one, helps a woman over many a tight place in her daily life. Mentally you duplicate the advantage; you defy anyone outside of those you may care enough for to tell of your troubles to discern that you have any. If you have not a cent and have no idea where you are to look, don't complain; then is the time of times to adjust your panoply of pride; pride that is to carry you through, over, or under obstacles. Believe me, you will find it a surer staff than all the complaining you can do in a lifetime.—Irene McLagan, in *Globe-Democrat*.

THE ECONOMY OF HABIT.

Emily Tolman.

"One is so apt to get into a rut as one grows older," said a middle-aged woman. "I mean to avoid it if I can. Finding that I always sat on the same side of the table in my room when sewing or writing, I resolved to change and sit on the other side, just to break up the habit; and observing that I invariably put on my left shoe first, I decided to put on my right one before the left."

Was this woman wise in her effort to break up the habits of which she speaks? Is it of any consequence which shoe is put on first? And as to sitting on one side or the other of the table, it is probable that there was some reason connected with the light or the convenience of the situation that influenced her choice in the first place, and this led to a habit—or, as she expressed it, "getting into a rut."

There seems to be no sufficient reason for breaking up the habit, unless it might be to give another the advantage of the better situation. The economy of habit is a principle not to be ignored, and psychologists tell us the more useful habits we can make automatic, the better.

Habit has been defined as "an act or thought or sensation, or any combination of these, simple or complicated, that has been sufficiently often repeated to no longer require the same intelligence and will-power for its execution that was at first needed."

The common expression, "getting into a rut," is well chosen; for physiologists teach us that by the constant repetition of a voluntary action a well-defined brain path is established so that the slightest impulse starts the nerve current along this path or rut, because that offers the least resistance. These pathways through the nerve centers give us speed, accuracy and ease. Without their aid with what painful effort we should perform the most ordinary tasks! Walking, for example, is a habit ac-

quired with some difficulty in early childhood. If we had to use the same intelligence and will-power every time that we crossed the room, we should have little enough left for other purposes. Dr. Scofield says: "Habit, which is physical memory, is of such importance to character that a brain without such memory is either idiotic or infantile."

Darwin, in common with most men, had acquired the habit of starting back at the approach of danger; and no effort of will-power could enable him to keep his face pressed against the plate-glass front of the cage of the cobra in the zoo while it struck at him, although his reason told him there was no danger. We often speak of the tyranny of a bad habit. It is well to remember that the power of a good habit is equally strong. It has been said that education is nothing but a formation of habits. If the child is trained in habits of courtesy, neatness, punctuality, and generosity, he will practice these virtues without conscious effort.

He will actually find it easier to behave in the way he is accustomed to than to originate a new line of conduct. He must be trained to acts of courtesy till a brain path or rut is well formed.

A very interesting point in the formation of a habit, taught by modern physiologists, is that fresh nerve paths tend to consolidate apart from actual repetition. Thus a new task learned in the evening becomes easier to perform in the morning than it was the night before. Some German writers have even said that we learn to skate in summer and to swim in winter, meaning that having been taught skating one winter, the impression deepens unconsciously all through the summer, so that we begin better the next winter than we left off the preceding one. Thus the subconscious or unconscious mind comes to our aid in forming good habits.

"Habits of thought," says an eminent physician and psychologist, "are as truly and readily and often unconsciously established as habits of body, and, indeed, the two are sometimes inscrutably mixed, as in the lines that habit has traced upon the face, rendering physiognomy a true science."

Habits of wrong thinking should be avoided and habits of right thinking assiduously cultivated by all who wish for mental, moral, or physical health. Maudsley says: "Of no mental act can we say that it is 'writ in water.' Every impression of sense upon the brain, every current of molecular activity from one to another part of the brain, leaves behind it some after effect which renders its reproduction an easier matter."

It rests with us to form habits of rejoicing rather than repining, of hoping rather than fearing, of loving rather than hating, till joy, hope and love have become second nature.

CREDIT AT THE BANK.

A regular audit not only straightens out the accounts of a firm, besides presenting complete and accurate statements, but it creates an invulnerable credit reserve at your bank; a point commonly overlooked. Ask your banker.—John G. Vogel, the Methodist Public Accountant, 3975 24th St., San Francisco.

Young People

THE PRE-SCRIP-TION

By Abbie Farwell Brown

It was a very dreadful time
When my Mamma lay ill,
The Nurse went tiptoe through the halls,
The house was sad and still.

The Doctor with his medicines
Came every single day;
He would not let me see Mamma
To kiss her pain away!

But every time he looked so grave—
For dear Mamma was worse;
I knew they could not make her well,
That Doctor and that Nurse.

I sat before the chamber door
And cried and cried and cried—
I knew that I could cure Mamma
If I could be inside.

But once I had a splendid thought;
Behind the Doctor's back,
To write my own Pre-scrip-tion out,
And tuck it through the crack!

I made upon a paper sheet
Round kisses in a shower,
And wrote—"A kiss for my Mamma,
Please take one every hour."

And from that very time, of course,
My dear Mamma grew well.
The Doctor thinks it was his pills,
And I shall never tell!

THE CATERPILLAR'S SURPRISE.

This is a story about a caterpillar who lived on the big crab-apple tree in the old man's garden. She was a very long caterpillar, with huge black spots all over her green skin.

One morning when the sun shone brightly she crawled out on a branch of the crab-apple tree and lay there watching the yellow butterflies steal kisses from the flowers, and envying the cross, noisy bumblebees which went buzzing around the yard in search of honey.

"Oh, dear," said she. "I do wish I were a butterfly instead of a horrid, green caterpillar."

Now the crab-apple tree had heard the caterpillar make this wish a great many times, and this morning she grew quite impatient and said:

"You are so discontented that it is making you thin and ugly. How foolish you are to spend all your summer days in wishing you were a butterfly! Wishing will not

make you one. So, why don't you stop it and grow-fat and pretty? Then the children will love to watch you, as they do the yellow butterflies, even if you are nothing but a green and black caterpillar. You ought to be happy, for you live on my tree and eat my green leaves, while the butterflies have to fly about in search of a home every night, and when they are hungry must steal honey from the flowers."

When the green caterpillar thought over all the crab-apple tree had said she knew the tree had told the truth. And so she began to enjoy the warm summer days and soon grew fat and pretty.

Very soon after this it grew very cold, and then she was glad she was not a yellow butterfly. Every morning, after the sun had warmed the brick wall, she would creep around the fountain and look at the dead butterflies who had died during the night.

Soon the flowers faded away and the leaves on the tree began to fall. And at last, one cold day, the caterpillar felt very, very sleepy. So she built herself a nest—wove it of hair and dried leaves, and tied it together with a thin, sticky thread she unwound from herself. When this was done she took a last look around at the world. The bees and butterflies were dead, the flowers had faded away, and the leaves of the crab-apple tree had fallen asleep on the grass, while above them their old crab-apple tree mother stretched out her bare arms to the chill November wind.

It was so cold that even the water in the fountain was not running, and the little boy, Allan, who lived in the red brick house, never came out to sail his boat as he used to do in the summer-time.

Then the caterpillar gave one last shiver and crept into her warm nest, and went sound asleep. All winter long, while the snow drifted in huge drifts under the crab-apple tree, and the icicles hung in a crystal row on the edge of the fountain, this green and black caterpillar slept.

And her dreams were of summer, the fragrance of crab-apple blossoms and the talk of the bees and butterflies who came to gather honey.

But at last the winter was over, and spring came along with her warm sunshine and April showers. The crab-apple tree began to feel warm inside, and one day opened up all her new leaves to the sunshine. Soon the flowers woke up, and the bees and butterflies came into the garden just as the crab-apple tree smiled out in a pink-and-white bloom of fragrance. Then the green caterpillar woke up.

It was very hot in her nest, and she tried to crawl out to the air. But she had wound herself up so tightly that it was a long time before she saw the blue sky. She was very weak from her long sleep, and she felt very light and very queer. When she tried to crawl along the branch of the crab-apple tree she discovered that she had wings that moved up and down every time she breathed.

Now, these were very strange things for a caterpillar to have, so she was much surprised and made up her mind she would crawl over to the fountain and take a look in the water at herself. Just then the south wind came up and lifted her into the air. Her wings spread out above

her and she felt herself rising above the tree branches and drifting along in the warm air. It was all very delightful, and she was half sorry when she came to the fountain. Then she let herself sink down on the edge of the marble basin and looked into the blue water and saw—now what do you think she saw?

She saw a beautiful butterfly, all yellow and white. She waved her wings, and the butterfly in the blue water waved hers. Then she waved the long feelers that grew out each side of her head, and the feelers in the water waved back. And at last, very happy and content, she spread her wings and went sailing away, away across the garden into the warm sunshine.

BETTER THAN HE KNEW.

When the famous Pere Didon was a child he was very fond of a certain dish which his mother prepared with especial skill. It consisted of codfish cutlets, cooked in olive oil, with a few onions to flavor it. Whenever the boy saw her getting ready to cook the dish he liked so well, his nostrils would dilate and he would stand on tip-toe in order to watch its progress in the frying pan. And, as he was a spoiled child, his elder sister, or an old aunt who lived in the family, would take up a small portion, and putting it on a plate with a piece of bread, would say:

"Here, Henri, taste this, and be a good boy."

One day, when this had occurred as usual, Henri, with his morsel of bread all ready, was about to dip it into the olive oil in which his piece of fish swam deliciously, when an old beggar made his appearance, and, pausing in front of the child, said:

"Will you kindly give me a bite of your bread, little boy?"

Hardly had the request passed the beggar's lips when the wings of the boy's good angel began to flutter above his head. The child did not hesitate a moment.

"Here!" he said, handing the plate with the bread and fish to the beggar. "You are welcome."

The old man sat down beside him on the porch.

"But what will you have?" he asked, touched by some inward scruple which forbade him to deprive the child of his tidbit.

"Oh, I can manage!" replied Henri, carelessly.

Side by side, they sat till the beggar had finished. Then the old man arose, held out the plate, and said:

"Thank you. It was very good."

And he walked away.

A feeling of melancholy began to take possession of the heart of the child, predestined to be the friend of all humanity. It was his first realization of the disparity between comfort and discomfort, plenty and poverty. Full of strange new thoughts, he sat alone in the twilight.

"Henri!" called a voice from within the house. "What are you doing? Not still eating, little glutton! Was the fish good?"

"Very good, indeed," answered the boy, slowly. And it was good, better even than he knew.

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